

# JOHN HENRY

## ON AMERICAN SCENERY.



BY GEO. V. HOBART. ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: Yours from Nice received, also Alice's letter to Peaches. I'm wise to the good time you're having, old pal, and, believe me, I wish we were with you.

It must be ages to travel through the Riviera and gaze the forget-me-nots and the magnolia blossoms bloom all over the place, while the air is laden with the scent of roses and the song of the nightingale makes music for the midnight lunch—what!

Not bad on the poem thing this morn'g, eh, Bunch?

Holy mackerel! I'd like to see you travel over this part of the universe and get a peep at any forget-me-nots or nightingales. Nothing doing.

Over here, Bunch, the wild-eyed ad-vertiser is abroad in the land, and his



"Took Another Look."

advertisements are stuck, like a lot of second-hand coat plaques, all over the face of Nature.

I have to read the advertisements in the newspapers and the magazines, but I also have to be permitted to stop reading them when the dinner bell rings, which is an impossibility. If you're traveling on the railroads in our dear land of liberty—God bless it!

In these days, Bunch, you'll find that the something which once was a beautiful landscape is covered with a board fence whereon it says:

HAT EATERS' EATABILITY  
EASILY THE MOST  
EATABLE  
EATING EVER EATEN.

I think the idea of changing a green hillside into a treatise on indigestion, and making all the pretty trees along the roadside point their branches in the direction of a drug store, is wrong, but maybe I've too much poetry in my veins and not enough business.

I took a little trip from New York to Philly last week, and it was then that the foregoing thought hit me a bell to the thinker.

It's only a question of a short time, Bunch, when our American scenery will be changed to pill news.

I looked out the car window with the ladsome intention of admiring all the geography as it rushed by, but before I could enthuse over two spruce trees and 18 blades of grass, a large sign shot off my view and caused me to see this:

SAWDUST FRITTERS  
The New Breakfast Food  
Once Swallowed  
Never Forgotten

I winked my eyes once or twice and took another look, and there, spread

carefully over the map of New Jersey, was a sign which said:

Blonde Pills for Brandy People  
Try One Box  
And You'll Never Try Another.

I dodged back into my chair and closed my lamps for a moment. Then I said to myself: "I'll try the other side of the car where, no doubt, I'll see a mountain or a country fair or something human in the distance," but all I saw was 27 feet of board fence, which was yelling out these words:

DRINK BUNGLEDACERS  
WHISKEY  
All Judges Say It Makes  
Trade Lively  
Especially the Police Judges

For ten minutes I sat there, Bunch, with my eyes shut, and when finally I took a little peep out the window it resulted in this:

SMOKE  
YELLOWFINGERS  
CIGARROOTS  
And Die Lingerin', But Dopey

Then I tried to figure the thing out, and presently came to the conclusion that the train must still be in the heart of civilization, and that after we reached the real country the landscape would assert its rights and begin to happen.

In about 20 minutes I glanced carefully out the window, and I'll be doggoned if I didn't see another board fence with this on it:

Be a Good Chomser and Chew  
CHEWINGTON'S CHOO CHOO  
The Gum That Don't Come Off

Now I leave it to you, Bunch, if it isn't discouraging.

Can you beat it in Europe? Can you get close enough to it to tie it?

Then I looked up and out and saw—



"The Wideyed Advertiser Is Abroad."

yes, Bunch, another mile of fence, some of which bore this legend:

Children, dear, in any case  
Don't drive nails in Mother's  
face;  
If you do and she should  
scream  
Try Mike Smith's Complexion  
Cream!

Speaking of scenery reminds me that Peaches and I took a flying trip to Niagara Falls not long ago.

I'm not out to describe the Falls, Bunch, so don't throw this letter down and scream for help.

When we stepped off the cars we found, stretching out as far as the pocketbook could reach, a line of hacks, river-going hacks which had been standing so long in the shadow of the falling water that they seemed to be giving each other the Minne-haha (Indian joke).

Eighty-seven hack drivers with tears in their eyes and beer in their voices, when possible, coaxed Peaches and me to jump on board their catamarans and be conduced over to the Falls, but after a long and bitter fight our consciences won the victory, and we walked.

Like all great things in this world, Bunch, the Falls of Niagara started out from a very small beginning and gradually worked itself up to fame and fortune.

When it started out away back in the woods the Niagara river had no



"Took a Flying Trip to Niagara."

thought of getting itself in the school books and becoming a national pet, like a prize fighter.

On the contrary, Bunch, it started out to be just a plain ordinary river, rolling gently on its rocky mattress, but one dark night it suddenly fell out of bed and created such a sensation that it has kept right on falling out of bed ever since.

This is the only record in history where a reputation has been made by falling out of bed.

Peaches and I walked down to the edge of the Falls, and for eight minutes we stood there without speaking a word.

Peaches afterward acknowledged that the Falls had a wonderful influence over her, because that was the first time in her life she ever went eight minutes without saying something.

To stand there, Bunch, and watch those thousands and thousands of gallons of water pushing each other over the edge of that precipice and then falling with a roar into the depths below makes all the poetry in one's system come to the surface and beg to be let out. Yours for better scenery.

JOHN.

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Sunday Observance Rewarded.

A record string of trout was caught the other morning by Willis Hunt, Jr., the 12-year-old son of Willis Hunt. The total weight was four pounds 12 1/2 ounces. The number was seven.

The story connected with the catch is that the boy saw the fish Sunday and was desirous of trying his luck at once, but his mother was averse to Sunday fishing. At three o'clock Monday morning he went to the tannery dam on Walker brook and the youngster proceeded to bait up with white millers and bugs of various kinds until every speckled beauty had been pulled out. A hand-over-hand haul was necessary to secure the largest fish—Chester (Pic.) Correspondence Springfield Union.

When They Fall Down.  
"Some white folks," said Uncle Eben, "kin tell you how to manage de little finances of de United States, an' at de same time can't keep a grocery book straight to save their lives!"

## Preferred Captivity to Hunger

A pet goldfinch escaped from his cage and flew into a tall tree in the back garden. There he sat, singing his sweetest and rejoicing in his unexpected freedom. The cage was brought out, stored with a generous supply of seed and a lump of sugar and placed on the top of a step-ladder, but he scorned to look at it, and defied his former masters with a victorious song.

This was kept up for a half-day, and, when it seemed that the goldfinch had gone for good, it occurred to one of the distressed people to rattle the seed in the tin box in which it is kept. This sound, known in the household as "ringing the breakfast bell," was a familiar one to the bird, and, being unused to find his own living, he was very hungry.

It suggested seed, sugar, lettuce and other dainties, so he hopped down slowly from bough to bough, until he was close to his cage. There he stood for some time, evidently hesitating,

until, suddenly, he fluttered down into his home, having decided to abandon the delights of liberty for the solid comforts of civilization.

Grecian Women Advance a Step.  
The chamber of deputies of Greece has passed a law by which, for the first time in modern Greece, women are admitted in the public service. In accordance with this law, the director of posts and telegraphs is authorized to employ 50 women, to be used mainly in the telephone service. They are to be between 21 and 35 years old, and are to receive 70 drachmas (about \$13.50) a month, for six hours' work a day.

Venerable Clergyman Dead.  
Rev. Angus Bethune, vicar of Sea-ham, England, who has died at the age of 97, discharged his clerical duties to the last. He was 67 years a clergyman in the diocese of Durham and 19 years an incumbent of one parish, and had served under seven bishops of Durham.

## Washington Whisperings

Interesting Bits of News Gathered at the National Capital.

## Capital Besieged by Relic Sellers



WASHINGTON.—The 60 and 75 horse-power millionaires that magnificently swell the population of the capital of the country innocently and indirectly make life a burden to their neighbors of a less estate. Money is an awful nuisance, don't you see, when it belongs to somebody else and not to you.

The trouble of it is that one's friends in the provinces ascribe even to the lowliest in Washington some occult power over the pursestrings of

the resident plutocrats.

There isn't a senator or congressman in the entire catalogue who isn't persecuted by importunate constituents now and then to convert himself, in their interests, into a private rummage sale. There is a halcyon dream prevalent that Washington flows with milk and honey and crisp new paper dollars, and that the beneficiaries are eager to divide, for value received.

Hawkers of old objects, valuable either intrinsically or in only their owners' eyes, are among the afflictions prominent women have to bear. There's scarce a day that some decayed gentlewoman or her emissary isn't out peddling, in a deprecating way, some valued heirloom that it wrings her heart to part with. Family jewels are always on the market, old faces, books and objects d'art.

## Uncle Sam Tells How to Make Pure Pies



PROGRESS made in food and drug inspection and legislation during 1907 is explained in detail in the year book of the department of agriculture, just issued. The book shows that methods of manufacture were studied by government experts and whenever possible assistance was given manufacturers in improving their methods. By means of sterilization it was found that various fruit and vegetable products can be preserved without the use of chemical preservatives. The experiments along this line resulted in new methods for the preservation of pie-filling articles and canned goods.

Extensive investigations as to the use of sulphur for drying fruit were made, resulting in the discovery of better methods for drying fruit and in disclosing the fact that molasses and syrup do not contain so much sulphur as has generally been supposed.

The study of the influence of cold storage on the value of food gained

much headway. Among the more important studies of the methods of manufacture and preservation of foods and drugs were the bleached flour investigation, the lemon oil investigation, the whisky investigation and the investigation of nonfermented beverages alleged to contain cocaine or other objectionable drugs.

The experimental work of the bureau of chemistry, the enforcement of the federal food and drugs act, numerous investigations and the part played by various states in the enactment of laws regulating the manufacture and sale of foods are some of the subjects treated in the book.

The bureau of chemistry established ten additional branch laboratories throughout the country, where samples of food and drugs collected by inspectors under the direction of a chief inspector are sent. During last year 7,941 samples of foods and drugs were sent to these laboratories, resulting in 323 hearings and the transmittal of 13 criminal cases to the department of justice for prosecution. One of the greatest difficulties encountered was to secure a sufficient number of inspectors or chemists possessing the requisite training and experience in foods and drugs.

## Japanese Diplomat Stops a Runaway



MR. MASANO HANIHARA, second secretary of the Japanese embassy and a social favorite of the diplomatic corps, was so severely injured from the result of his daring rescue of an American woman from a runaway horse that he may suffer the consequences for the remainder of his life. The Japanese diplomat was battered and bruised and had his foot so badly crushed by the horse's hoof that it will be months before it is healed. The rescue occurred some days ago.

Mr. Hanihara was walking along Rhode Island avenue on his way to the embassy and had started to cross the street when his attention was attracted by cries of "Look out!" by several persons in the vicinity. Turning he saw a horse drawing a light runaway with a young woman and a companion dashing toward him. The

horse was plunging wildly from side to side, driving every one pell mell for shelter as it neared the spot where Mr. Hanihara stood. The young Japanese, who stands about five feet and is small in proportion, dodged out of the way, but no sooner had the horse come abreast of him than he made a leap for the bridle. The terrific speed of the enraged animal made him miss his hold and swing him under the horse's hoofs, but before he completely lost his hold he caught a grip on the bridle and swinging clear managed to climb on the horse's back and bring him to his knees. The animal regained his feet however, and by rearing, attempted to throw Mr. Hanihara from his back, but the diplomat tightened his grip gradually until the animal, snorting with pain, confessed itself vanquished.

When Mr. Hanihara reached the embassy he summoned his physician who found that the horse had trampled on his foot and crushed it badly. Treatment afforded little relief, as the bones were so badly bruised that an abscess formed and added considerable trouble. It is now feared that an operation may be necessary.

## Social Incident Makes Society Smile



THE refusal of Minister and Mme. Gude to participate in the German led by William H. Taft will not produce a diplomatic incident between Norway and the United States. It cannot, because the United States has no official social functions and the squabbles about precedence never have anything more than an indirect effect upon diplomatic relations.

The minister created a great deal of talk among the many diplomatic officials in Washington, not because he had refused to participate, but because he allowed the hotel management to know why he refused.

The diplomatic view is that Minister Gude made an awful blunder in not recognizing the fact that Mr. Taft has a better chance, probably, of be-

coming president of the United States than any other man, and that in standing upon his undoubted right to demand first place or none he did the worst thing possible.

"What if it is his right and duty to say he will not walk behind a mere private citizen," said a minor diplomatic society man in discussing the incident. "What good will that do him when Mr. Taft is the president? Will the then president have forgotten that the minister said he would not dance in the German with him?"

It was tactless for M. Gude to even suggest his rights to a "pig of a maitre de hotel," say the diplomats, because he should have known that the hotel man would tell the newspapers about it and in that way his refusal would come to the ears of Mr. Taft.

The only thing at all in favor of the minister is the fact that there is not a great deal of diplomatic business to transact between Norway and the United States and Mr. Taft is likely to be so busy for the first few months after he goes into office that he will forget there was such a man as guide.